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VOL. XVI, No. 22

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1923

WHOLE NO. 445

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### SECOND YEAR LATIN

BY PERLEY OAKLAND PLACE, Litt. D.

Professor of Latin in Syracuse University

*With the collaboration of Curtis C. Bushnell, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Syracuse University; Harold L. Cleasby, Ph.D., Professor of Roman Archaeology, Syracuse University; Thomas W. Dickson, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Latin, Syracuse University.*

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## EXPERIENCES WITH LATIN CLASSES<sup>1</sup>

My experiences with Latin classes have led me to think that, "if I were free" from "limitations imposed by College Entrance Requirements, College Entrance or Scholarship Examinations, . . . State Courses of Study", etc., I should make *no change* "in the kind of material read in the present Latin course".

My experiences have led me to believe that Latin as it may be taught under present limitations is about the most interesting and practical subject taught in the Schools. And here, right at the start, I have blundered into using that word 'practical' which, as ordinarily used among School boards and agitators, I hate most cordially.

The word is a fetch before which the world is expected to bow down and worship. 'Show me an actual return in dollars and cents for everything taught in the Schools', says our dear Maecenas of the Practical, who affects a knowledge of opera and the drama, or collects paintings and hires an expert to tell him if they are genuine, or pays gardeners to keep him supplied with flowers with Latin names, which he can not pronounce, or gets the highest priced teachers of music he can find and forces music lessons on his unwilling offspring, at the same time grumbling because the State spends money to teach his and other children something of the foundation on which his language is built. And yet, this 'hard-headed' business man insists, 'Let us have only the practical in education'.

Long ago, I stopped trying to believe that it pays to study Latin merely for the sake of its literature. It seems to me the wildest folly for the average boy or girl to spend four years studying Latin just for the sake of the immediate *content* of a half dozen books of the Aeneid, as many orations of Cicero, and four books of Caesar, when the full value of the content alone could be mastered easily in four months. I am painfully aware that some otherwise sensible persons are obsessed by this delusion, and argue in support of it, consistently and courageously. But I have yet to see a pupil convinced by their arguments, and in these degenerate modern days you need to convince the pupils if you expect to carry them with you very long.

No mere academic pronouncements will make young pupils choose Latin just for the sake of Latin. Most of them take it merely for College entrance and they leave it at the fitting School as gladly as the cripples leave their crutches at the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

I suppose we must admit that the tendency to-day is

<sup>1</sup>This paper was read at the Fourth Annual Fall Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, at the Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Delaware, December 1, 1922. For that meeting see THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 16:89-91.

to let the child choose for himself. Otherwise we hinder the free development of his budding powers! The wisdom of the ages may have decreed that milk is the proper food for babies, but, if they prefer lollipops, what are we that we should dare to deny to immortal souls the right of selfexpression and selfdetermination? What is it that George Eliot says somewhere?

. . . The minister gives out the hymn and then everybody sings a different tune as it turns up in his throat. It's an arbitrary thing to set a tune and expect others to follow it. It's a denial of private judgment.

What the public and the children like is the thing. One is reminded of the woman who said to Ruskin, concerning a certain picture, "I'm not a critic, but I know what I like", and of Ruskin's growling response, "Madam, the beasts of the field know that!"

Many of our young people choose this or that subject solely because it is easy. It is one of these modern tendencies and I try to combat it, in part, by imploring my boys to remember that their heads were really intended for something more than hat-racks.

One of the first things I try to 'get across' is that the chief objection to Latin on the part of many or most students is one of its important advantages, namely that it is *hard*. Even the youngest may be taught to realize that it is no sign of a real man or a real woman to avoid a thing because it is *hard*. Boys don't like football because it is easy. In no sport do they get such hard knocks, but it makes *men* out of them. A boy who doesn't like football is a sissy, pure and simple.

After the first few lessons it is not difficult to get a boy to agree that he is being trained to keep his mind open to receive many impressions at once. He fully understands that in learning to drive a car he must know something more than merely how to step on the accelerator. The use of every individual bit of mechanism before him must be instantly at his command, so much so that doing the right thing at the right time becomes absolutely automatic. So he sees how his eye and his mind may be trained by Latin, which requires him to keep his thoughts fixed on voice, mood, tense, person, number, gender, case, meaning, and use, ready to push the right button without an instant's hesitation. With the thought that he is keeping himself out of the ditch, he will keep his mind as intent on these things in the Latin class as he keeps it intent on the road ahead of him and the mechanism about him the first time he drives a car. And he likes to think he is driving over a difficult road. He can readily be made to see that the training which the study gives him will be a vital part of him all his life.

Of course I understand that I am treading close on the much-discussed question of correlation, mental

transfer, and the rest, but I take refuge behind Professor Spearman, of University College, London, who takes the data which, by the somewhat crude and un-mathematical methods of Professor Thorndike and his compeers show little or no correlation, and by more refined formulae finds 91% of correlation. Truly, as our late lamented Thomas Brackett Reed once said: "There are lies, worse lies, and statistics".

It's a melancholy state of affairs, isn't it, but none the less true, that a desire to get ahead of some one is often a powerful incentive in this imperfect world of ours. Personally, I must confess that when this spirit is rife I have found it conduces to my mental and spiritual comfort to have its possessors turn it upon each other rather than try it on me.

I am no great admirer of the socialized recitation, but I find that a little of the spirit of it can be injected into the first year Latin class to great advantage. To some of you, no doubt, the process will seem suggestive of chaos and dark night, but the results will please you. And you will have enthusiastic helpers in your efforts to drive inflections into the heads of your unwilling infants. You all remember the remark made to a young professor: "You will find that the human mind has infinite capacity for resisting the introduction of knowledge".

The method is briefly this. After you have worked up the competitive idea, appoint two leaders, the best scholars in the class, and let them choose sides. Then put on the board certain words which the pupils are to decline or conjugate. They go to the board and the first one on each side conjugates, say the present tense. If a mistake is made, the leader marks it but may give no help, and No. 2 can not go on with the next tense till No. 1 has done his work correctly without assistance. Some special credit or exemption is given to the side which holds the lead at the end of the week or the month. The competition gets to be fast and furious, and woe to the dullard who is holding back his side. His leader and others will take him in hand and *force* him to learn the forms, frequently by the use of methods that you have often wanted to use but did not dare to use. No doubt the dull ones would greatly prefer to have you as sole instructor. They are in a position to sympathize with the Persians in the Anabasis who, on the day when the soldiers joined their new commanders in enforcing discipline, would see 'ten thousand Clearchuses instead of one' permitting no one to be a slacker.

I like this method, because it is extremely difficult to get pupils to work hard enough on forms, and my experience and that of others in reading College Entrance Examination papers leads to the belief that the first essential in Latin teaching is drill on forms; it is likewise the second essential, and the third. Then, with a slight tincture of syntax, the pupil is ready for sight reading.

Even then, some slight smattering of English grammar is a distinct advantage, but present-day ideas and methods in teaching English with no grammar at all offer but little help to the teacher of Latin. I may be hopelessly old-fashioned, but at worst I can see no

disadvantage, and at best I see more or less advantage in a pupil's knowing that the passive of 'I hear' is not 'I have heard', even before he arrives at the dignity of a Latin Grammar.

I find it helpful to ask students to bring into class examples showing the variety of ways in which a single Latin word may be used. Get them to translate *magnum silentium* by 'deep silence', *magnum nomen* by 'an illustrious name', *atria magna* by 'spacious halls', *merces magna* by 'high price', *cogitatio magna* by 'careful consideration', and *clamor magnus* by 'loud shouting'.

In the same way, you can make the word *res* a means of grace by insisting on a translation that means something. I tell my boys they might as well translate it by 'thing-gum-a-gig' as by 'thing'. They soon get on the lookout for varying meanings, and will translate *meae res* by 'my affairs', *secundae res* by 'good fortune', *tenues res* by 'humble circumstances', *uxoria res* by 'matrimony', *maiores res* by 'greater benefits', *suam rem gerere* by 'do his duty', and *fessus rerum* by 'weary of toil'; and they will learn that *comitia facere* means 'hold an election', *polestatem facere*, 'afford an opportunity', *vim facere*, 'use violence', *sumptum facere*, 'incur expense', *strepitum facere*, 'raise an uproar', and *corpus facere*, 'get fat'.

Develop the spirit of emulation in presenting the best possible English, never, *never*, allowing slipshod work, or the so-called 'literal translation'.

Years ago, coke manufacturers were content to get just coke from their coal, but the Seaboard By-Product Coke Company, on the Hackensack meadows beyond Newark, in New Jersey, gets not only coke but twenty-eight distinct by-products whose combined value is probably greater than that of the coke itself. To my mind, the by-products of Latin study are of greater value than a more or less superficial knowledge of three or four Latin authors—at least taken by itself. First of all, there is the thorough and exacting drill in English, whereby the Latin class becomes at once an important if not the most important factor in teaching the correct use of one's own language. In fact, I am convinced that something radical must be done in the preparatory Schools to make our pupils take much real interest in Latin. Right here comes in the value of the by-products.

Of far more importance than all this discussion of the advisability of making modifications in the kind, amount, and order of the material read in the Latin course is the revivifying, by every means at our command, of interest in the Latin class.

My classes have been greatly helped by my adoption of ideas suggested by Miss Isabel Holmes, of the High School at Summit, New Jersey, one of the most successful teachers I know. She wrote:

With the first steps of Latin, as the early myths are taught, it is quite feasible to make the simplest freshman see that Arachne, the Spinner, in arrogant pride defying and challenging the goddess, is the Scriptural 'Pride that goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall', and is the expression of the same feeling that prompts one to say on an icy day, 'I haven't fallen once this winter', and promptly knock on



wood to avert the consequences of boastfulness. They readily see in the Goddess of Discord throwing her golden apple at Thetis's marriage feast the wicked fairy who brings her undesired gift, in the story of the Sleeping Beauty. They will quickly enough parallel our present superstitions in uses and customs of Rome. A start of that kind, made the first year, is continued with the Caesar year while the laborious process of acquiring language goes on, and it helps the work in hand and the idea of wider sympathy if the same parallels continue.

The *triplex acies* becomes thrilling when one discovers how it grew into the most mobile formation of the ancient world, where the individual, trained to subject his desires to the need and the welfare of the whole, nevertheless knew how, as an experienced veteran, 'to direct of himself what was necessary to be done as well as to be directed by others'. The very human Caesar, in that exciting battle, dashing down, calling centurions by name, seizing a shield from a soldier and giving the example, reminds one of Sheridan's ride; and examples of other generals dashing into the fray will pour from the class. If, by the end of Caesar year, there isn't a full understanding that soldiers and officers of Rome could associate on easy terms with our men in the World War, feeling the same ideals of the honor of their group, their legion, their country, then something is seriously the matter with the conditions under which we work.

And yet—and yet—there are teachers who find, and make, the Caesar year deadly dull. The Lord help them—and save their pupils!

Let me continue my quotation from Miss Holmes.

In the Cicero year I try to get all the other phases of Roman life before them so they can see the identity of ideals and of many customs. The differences of food-stuffs, for instance, lead to their desire to find out when we began to use the potato, coffee, etc., and usually draw out the effect on any nation of contact with different peoples. The late banquet and its too happy guests going home before dawn suggest the top-coat as well as the toga. Every topic of naming, housing, the heating of houses, games, travel, education, death and burial will be eagerly compared with ours or some other people's. One finds volunteers to work up Roman roads, comparing materials, cost per mile, engineering problems involved, etc., who will give a five-minute talk that any 'hard-headed business man' might profit by. The enduring qualities of these roads built so long ago will lead the future office-holder to inquire, 'Why don't we build roads equal to those now—we've better resources than they?'. And it's a good question for him to ask.

I have an old unabridged dictionary which I find of great value. Every year I give each student four pages from this book and ask him to underline in black every word of Latin derivation, and in red every word of Greek derivation, then count the total number of words on each page and note the number and the percentage of Latin and Greek derivatives.

After being asked repeatedly about the comparative number of words of Greek and Latin origin in the English language, and being unable to answer, I decided to make a rough estimate. So, taking Webster's International Dictionary, I counted the Greek and the Latin derivatives on every twentieth page. The result, on the 100 pages counted, showed Latin derivatives 34% and Greek 18%—total, 52%.

I am by no means in favor of placing undue emphasis on mere by-products of teaching, however alluring or

even helpful such by-products may be, but I have found much pleasure and profit as well in studying derivatives with and for my classes. Some of the results have been not only interesting but surprising.

We were certainly not prepared to find an even 3,000 words in Webster's International Dictionary taken directly from Latin. Neither form nor meaning has changed since the days of the Romans. It may be objected that a great many of them are purely scientific terms, but a great many persons are interested in science.

Pupils are always interested in learning that there are 2,841 towns in the United States with classical names. Included among them are 24 Alphas, 25 Arcadias, 26 Auroras, 26 Dexters, 24 Spartas, and 31 Troys. There are eight Junos and ten Venuses, along with a Calliope, a Hebe, and a Siren. There are seven Ciceros, eight Virgils, eleven Ovids, and 21 Homers; two each of Cleopatra, Paradox, and Thalia. There is a Mirabile and a Medusa, while Ego appears as a town in four States.

Classes will report a Subrosa in Ohio and in Arkansas, a Quid Nunc in Alabama, a Rara Avis in Mississippi, and a Disputanta in Virginia and in Kentucky. They will ask you whether the founders of Stet, Missouri, were classicists or printers, and why those up-state New Yorkers named their town Athens and then persist in calling it Æthens (with a long A).

Connecticut seems to be the only State in the Union with no classical leanings in her urban nomenclature. But Ohio has 167 classically named towns, Texas, 146, Virginia, 130, and Missouri, 127. Seven more States are up to the hundred mark, including Michigan (which has a Rome, a Romulus, and a Remus, with a Rubicon, a Brutus, and an Epsilon). Greek letters are popular in many States, nearly half the alphabet being thus honored.

But, however much our pupils may be interested in urban nomenclature, it must be admitted that its educational value is not excessive, unless it may be in promoting the all-too-much-neglected study of geography (another by-product). Other paths are less narrow.

Of the English words ending in *-tion*, *-cion*, and *-sion*, 1,510 are derived from Latin nominatives in *-o* or *-io*.

We have 1,346 nouns or adjectives which have merely dropped the final syllable of the corresponding Latin word, as for example, *form*, from *forma*.

Latin participles in *-us* give us 511 words, like *opponent*.

We get 953 words from Latin by slightly changing the final syllable, as *captive*, from *captivus*.

You will note that throughout I am considering only such derivatives as will be instantly recognized by the dullest student after only a term or two of Latin. They will be looking for them in every text-book which comes into their hands.

Of verbs ending in *-ate* or *-ute* we get 713 from Latin, like *demonstrate*, *distribute*. Another 360 of our verbs are precisely like the Latin, omitting the final syllable, as

*desist*, from *desisto*; *compel*, from *compello*. There are also 314 other verbs which differ from Latin only in changing the final -o, -io, or -um to -e, as *accuse*, *define*.

There are 419 words in -ty from Latin nouns in -tas, like *liberty*, *absurdity*. Words in -ous to the number of 380 are derived from Latin words in -us or -um (*conscious*, for example). We have 299 adjectives from Latin adjectives in -bilis.

There are 120 words formed as *colony* is from *colonia*, or *geometry* from *geometria*; 150 derived as *adversary* is from *adversarius*, or *granary* from *granarium*. Words like *nature*, from *natura*, or *agriculture*, from *agricultura* number 41. There are 44 like *altitude*, from *altitudo*.

Words like *innocence*, from *innocentia*, or *licence*, from *licentia*, number 125. There are over 30 like *Aeolian*, from *Aeolius*, or *Ithacan*, from *Ithacus*; and 20 like *fraternal*, from *fraternus*.

Counting all the classes above mentioned, we find 11,081 English words either exactly like the Latin, or so similar as to be instantly recognized by the beginner.

I try to keep before my students the Latin words in their arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, grammar, rhetoric, physics, and chemistry, and to show them that in physiology they are talking Latin (or Greek) all the time. Every bone in the body from the cranium down to the tarsus, metatarsus, and the phalanges has its Latin (or its Greek) name. So with every muscle, nerve, and organ, together with every disease that ever afflicts them, and the medicine that cures the disease. Pupils soon see that they are peripatetic classical dictionaries, and rather like the idea<sup>2</sup>.

In their gardens, what can they know about *Helianthus multiflorus flore pleno*, or *Achillea millefolium roseum*, or *Iris spectabilis*, unless they know Latin and mythology? I'm forever telling them the Latin names of the trees and the plants about the place, so many of which bear the names by which they were known to the Romans, and they get to be very fond of *Liriodendron tulipifera* and of *Capsella Bursa-pastoris*.

And then the birds! In Bird Lore for February, 1922, I noticed that a Mr. Urner, in my neighborhood, on the preceding Christmas day, saw 37 different species of birds—ten more than I saw that day. Did he realize that the herring gull, the black duck, the sharp-shinned hawk, the red-shouldered hawk, the barn owl, the crow, the titmouse, the chickadee, the golden-crowned kinglet, which he recorded, all bear, as generic titles, the names by which they were known to the Romans, and that the specific names of all of them are Latin?

In the third and the fourth years particularly I insist on careful study of the vocabulary in the text as a most valuable means of increasing the pupils' store of English synonyms. Selected almost at random are found examples like these: *vis*, 'strength', 'force', 'vigor', 'power', 'energy', 'violence', 'compulsion', etc.; *pulo*, 'clear up', 'arrange', 'adjust', 'reckon',

<sup>2</sup>See the paper by Professor Spencer Trotter, The Terminology of Anatomy, THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 11.131-134. C. K.

'value', 'deem', 'consider', 'regard', 'judge', 'suppose', 'account', 'suspect', 'believe', 'think', 'imagine'. Pupils realize that their English class affords no such opportunity for the study of words.

I am constantly calling attention to the countless references to classical lore in our English poets, ranging from 680 in Spenser down to 80 in James Russell Lowell.

You may, if you like, question the value of such knowledge, but I confess to a fondness for poets and poetry, and I am firm in the belief that the delights of the imagination are as far as possible from being imaginary, and that a love for the beautiful and the power of appreciating it, while it may not help to make a living, surely helps to make life worth living. As you remember,

... The dervise in the Arabian tale did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe.

I quote from the Preface of a recent beginner's Latin book: "The study of Latin is an intensive study of English". I try to keep this idea before my classes, but some of you whose memory like mine goes back to prehistoric times may recall the Detroit Free Press man's Essay on Fish, wherein he states that the ideal and the real are fitly represented by the mermaid and the fishwoman. So with this beautiful borrowed theory of mine. Years ago one of my hopefuls handed in a translation from which the following is an extract:

Daughter, I have found a way, thanks to your sister, which will restore him to me, or release my love from him. There is a place in far Aethiopia where the ocean comes to an end, and where the sun dies, where great Atlas whirls axes amidst the brilliant stars over his shoulder. I have been shown that there are the Massylian tribes, the guard of the temple of the Hesperides and the shoulders of the dragon which gave and kept the sacred apples on the tree, breathing forth soft honey and fat cakes.

This illustrates two things. One is that, for that particular student, the study of Latin had not become 'an intensive study of English'. The other is that, in common with many others,

... in the struggle with the language he missed the general sense of what he was reading; in the effort to make out each individual sentence of Vergil, he became blind to Vergil's meaning.

Many pupils have struggled through what was to them the almost impenetrable morass of six books of Vergil without once being made to realize that they were reading the work of a great poet. It is therefore an especial pleasure when some pupil catches what Dr. W. T. Vlymen has called "a feeling for English in translating", so far as to hand you a translation like this:

Already, speeding on, he discerns the crest and towering flanks of indomitable Atlas, who with his head props up the sky, of Atlas, whose pine-clad crown is ever girt with somber clouds and buffeted by wind and rain. The fallen snow covers his shoulders;

from his aged chin torrents stream downward, and his unkempt beard is stiff with ice.

Doesn't the average pupil translate badly because he isn't taught to translate well, because he doesn't know what a good translation is? I have found it inspirational to put Psalm 23 on the board, in Latin, and let the class follow it, verse by verse, as they have learned it in the King James version. Latin and Latin translation take on entirely new meanings.

I believe it pays to take five minutes at the beginning of the period to read to the class passages, not translations, from the great English poets, not only to give them an idea of what poetry is, in their own tongue, but also to show them how much our English poets are indebted to Vergil, and Homer, and Ovid, and many others. It gives pupils ideas which will help them in their own translations.

Suppose the lesson includes the last lines of Aeneid 2, with their reference to the coming of the dawn. Treat them to the picture of sunrise in Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, or to that other sunrise picture, in Pippa Passes.

Pupils may not see much poetry in Vergil and Ovid. Show them the classic savor in such passages as these:

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

I never can leave the beautiful story of Orpheus and Eurydice without reading to the class Browning's wonderful lines on a picture by Sir Frederic Leighton, depicting the moment when Eurydice is about to vanish forever.

But give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the brow!  
Let them once more absorb me! One look now  
Will lap me round forever, not to pass  
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond:  
Hold me but safe again within the bond  
Of one immortal look! All woe that was,  
Forgotten, and all terror that may be,  
Defied,—no past is mine, no future: look at me!

I heard Dr. Talcott Williams say several years ago that the best things in the "Conning Tower" in the New York Tribune were the translations from Horace. Perhaps it is stretching a point to speak of them as translations, and yet many an earnest student has labored to reproduce the thought of Horace without giving us a single Horatian characteristic, while on the other hand more than one youth has been led to experiments of his own in Latin translation, which were certainly no hindrance to his understanding of what Latin means, by F. P. A's rendering of Donec gratus eram tibi. . . :

When I was your stiddy, my loveliest Lyddy,  
And you my embraceable she,  
In joys and diversions, the King of the Persians  
Had nothing on me.

Some of my boys, on looking at Leighton's picture of Heaven-born Helen, have wondered how any man could, in the picturesque vernacular of the day, 'fall for' her, and I confess to sharing that feeling myself. Rupert Brooke has shown us something different.

Hot through Troy's ruin Menelaus broke  
To Priam's palace, sword in hand, to sate  
On that adulterous wife a ten year's hate  
And a king's honour. Through red death, and smoke,  
And cries, and then by quieter ways he strode,  
Till the still innermost chamber fronted him.  
He swung his sword, and crashed into the dim  
Luxurious bower, flaming like a god.

High sat white Helen, lonely and serene.  
He'd not remembered that she was so fair,  
And that her neck curved down in such a way;  
And he felt tired. He flung the sword away;  
And kissed her feet, and knelt before her there,  
The perfect Knight before the perfect Queen.

Of course it is impossible for the vast majority of our pupils to reach the point where they can enjoy all the richness of the Classics. Then why not lead them to see something of their brightness as reflected in modern literature? I have a list of nearly 350 poems which can be drawn on for illustrations. We find myriad allusions in English verse and prose to the thoughts, the manners, the customs, the heroes, the myths, the gods, of that olden, golden time. Let us help our students to realize in every way possible that in preparing their daily lessons they are drinking of that inexhaustible fountain whence "have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect".

In spite of all the talk about changing the College Entrance requirements, I infinitely prefer teaching my classes these things which will certainly be a help to them in many ways, to wasting my time and energy on propaganda, adopting as my own Miss Holmes's remark about propaganda, that it is "a word that seems to be used of any effort to convince us that what we know to be wrong is right".

As I review my own classes and consider the many others which I have visited, I feel sure that we have merely scratched the surface of the present requirements. Most of us here have had considerable experience, but we are a small minority of the Latin teachers in the district covered by The Classical Association of the Atlantic States. I can not speak with authority of the other States represented, but I know that in New Jersey more than half of the teachers have had only one, two, or at most three years experience in teaching. Last year, out of twenty-seven High Schools in one of the districts of the New Jersey Classical Association, the Latin teachers in twenty-one were teaching Latin for the first time.

To my mind, nothing could be clearer than that to change the requirements to something with which this majority is unfamiliar would be materially to decrease their efficiency. A friend writes me:



Since I see much of this 'modern' and 'progressive' tendency in education, I feel that without these College 'limitations', etc., it would be even more difficult to keep up any kind of standard in our work.

What ails us is not so much solicitude for our classes as our own weariness of the old régime, and yet Professor W. S. Tyler, of Amherst, used to say that he found new beauties in Homer every year, and he had been teaching it for fifty years. With him in mind, I can hardly conceive it possible that even the most brilliant of us has wholly exhausted the possibilities of Vergil and Cicero, or even of Caesar. To spend our time teaching the works of less brilliant writers of Latin seems to me the foolishness waste of time. If we believe we should teach Latin, not as a dead language but as one that is very much alive, we surely have boundless material in the present requirements, and we know that in many Schools Latin classes read hundreds of lines more than the required amount. On the other hand, if we are teaching for the content, why be satisfied with authors below the highest rank?

We are prone to forget that, while these authors and what they suggest are old to us, they are wholly new to the successive classes that come before us, and that from them better than from all other sources they may learn something of the grandeur and the glory which we know as Greece and Rome. We shall find that through them they may reach, as Mahaffy has said, "Not the real shrine, but, like some proselyte of old, the outer court of the matchless temple".

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CHARLES HUNTINGTON SMITH

## REVIEWS

Italy Old and New. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. (1922). Pp. x + 230. \$2.50.

The contents of Professor Haight's volume, Italy Old and New, are as follows:

I. A Piazza in Rome (1-8); II. "Due Cuori, Una Capanna" (9-13); III. The Joys of an Orario (14-29); IV. The Madonna of Pompeii (A Fantasy) (30-37); V. A Visit to Ancient Ostia (38-54); VI. Italian Crowds and Their Temper (55-70); VII. Tea-Drinking in Rome (71-79); VIII. The Aspirations of Italian Women (80-89); IX. "La Bella Zara" (90-96); X. Epic Days (97-107); XI. Spring in Sicily and the Carrying off of the Maid (108-145); XII. Re-reading Catullus at Sirmio (146-160); XIII. The Rome that Horace Knew (161-184); Slabsides and the Sabine Farm: An Imaginary Conversation (185-193); XV. Ovid in Sulmona (194-206); XVI. Vergil as a Guide in Italy (207-230).

The opening chapter, A Piazza in Rome, is an irresistible invitation to read on. Words could hardly paint the scenes more vividly. The whole is instinct with a love of Rome that only discerning sympathy and long intimacy with all phases of its life can inspire. A somewhat similar essay is the author's appraisal of Italian Crowds and their Temper, an appraisal which includes a lively but very informing account of Italian politics and of procedure in the Camera and Senate, with, it may be, a little too much in-

dulgence shown for the wilder youth of Italy who have been so much to the fore in recent years. Still, it is hard for a lover of Italy not to side with the fascisti, and, in spite of having been several times in the midst of their murderous emendments of the fatherland, the reviewer cordially subscribes to Professor Haight's conclusions that perhaps no nation but the Italian could have accomplished such far-reaching social changes with so little bloodshed. Too much of the recent criticism of Italy is a revelation of what stupidity and antipathy can achieve.

Again, in her essay on The Aspirations of Italian Women, we find a kindly review of a situation which it is not easy to find admirable, and the critic does well to compare the degree of freedom which her sex enjoyed in Rome two millennia ago with the relative backwardness of femininity there to-day.

A characteristic spirit of adventure took Miss Haight not only to "La Bella Zara", but to Fiume itself in the midst of the epic struggle, and we can readily understand how the youthful legionaries of D'Annunzio, ready and glad to die in the most forlorn of hopes, would inspire her to rhapsodize as Homer himself would have done in such an atmosphere. Unfortunately for some of us who never breathed such surcharged air, the amatory past of the Poeta is ever rising to impair the heroic present of the Aviator-Commandante, and we miss in him the chivalry towards women that we wish to find in even a near-hero, whether he be an Aeneas or a D'Annunzio. Some of us can never forget that the latter, too, has had his Dido.

The Joys of an Orario is demoralizing reading to one who has himself been on Shanks's mare all over the same routes, especially when iam mens praetrepidans avet vagari, iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt, without the ability either to satisfy one's avidity or to test one's vigor. Had the wild dells of Civit  Castellana, or the giro Frascati-Tusculum-Rocca Priora-Monte Compatri-Monte Porzio Catone-Frascati, or the walk up the Anio to Subiaco and from there over the mountains to Ollevano also figured in our guide's enticing list, the reviewer would perforce have engaged a passage instanter and deserted College duties for the joys of the open road. But this Time-Table chapter is more than a mere temptation to the reader's vagrant fancy. It is full of practical help for the classicist who would make the same happy pilgrimages. Some day our Cicerone (I can't say "our Terentia") must essay a similar *vade mecum* for the region around Naples, where at the right season walking-trips are most rewarding on every mile of the shore from Capo Miseno to the Punta di Sorrento.

Having seen the same rainbow of promise arching over Terracina's citadel after rainy exploration of Monte Circeo and of the primitive villages in the plain, I can vouch for the skill that the writer has shown in describing another fascinating section of Italy, although I never suspected at the time that there was a sewing-machine to be unearthed at the foot of that particular rainbow to make the Due Cuori so contented in their Una Capanna. But this is not the only sketch



in which dry fact is made palatable by imaginative writing. Miss Haight's own diary must have resembled that of the little girl whom she mentions, which had two pages for each day, one for events and the other for "Feelings". Of course, it takes courage to publish the feelings (the conventional scholar conceals them as he might so many secret sins), but I, for one, am glad that our author so often reveals herself. An observer whose emotional reactions are not quick and true has no business to write about such a race as the Italian. You must yourself possess that sensitiveness to personality that Professor Haight finds in them, that perennial "good humor which is a part of the reward of living much in the open", that gregariousness which she ascribes so truly even to Italian babies. In the Madonna of Pompeii she uses a local tale of scepticism with artistic skill—a sublimation of gossip one might almost call it.

For Ostia the layman still lacks a satisfactory guide, so that the readers for whom this volume is intended will welcome its chapter of information on the town and its *scavi*, although it is necessarily brief. There are not many slips in this book that reviewers with millimeter minds can carp at, but my own resents a little the spelling Minutius (43), which would make my friend Minucius anything but Felix, and, having often had my swim in the sea after exploring Ostia, I query whether it is quite three miles (24;39) from the Castello to that joy except on very hot days indeed.

The chapter entitled Spring in Sicily takes us appreciatively to most of the places that the classicist visits, and for those that the writer missed the works of Douglas Sladen offer the traveller an invaluable guide. Sicily is, indeed, one of those sections of Italy that one should never visit at all, unless he can go again. Unsatisfied longing mars even the most indelibly happy memories.

The tale of Catullus could hardly be told in much the language of his poems more tersely and picturesquely than it appears in Miss Haight's Re-reading Catullus at Sirmio. I don't wonder that Lake Benacus seemed to her to be rippling on its shore in endless laughter because all its waves are now Italian, and I, too, rather suspect that, were Catullus alive, he and D'Annunzio, who has been living across the water from Sirmione at Gardone, would find not a little to enjoy in common, although I had rather see the old happy, unhappy poet in the company of a Carducci amid the loveliness where *Espero allunga la rosea face su l'acque e i flutti al lido gemono*.

In the chapter, In the Rome that Horace Knew, our author is not so felicitous in her appeal to a layman's interest. It reads in places like a paper for a philological meeting. Its discussion of Horace's holdings in the country is welcome, but, of course, not so full as the essayist has given elsewhere. Twenty-five years ago I saw the mosaic pavement on the site that Pietro Rosa picked, but I can assure Professor Haight for her comfort that it had none of the interest that the excavations near Licenza have. All lovers of Horace and of John Burroughs will be glad to see the reprint from The

Classical Journal, Slabslides and the Sabine Farm. Its wit and cleverness show the writer at her best.

In Ovid in Sulmona and in Vergil as a Guide in Italy the essayist connects two more Latin authors with the regions that they best knew. With the latter she visits Andes and Mantua, of course, but she finds reminders of his verses everywhere, among the olive trees, in the vineyards, in the grain fields of Lombardy, on the farms of Tuscany, among the beehives of the countryside, and among the flocks and herds. But the chief temptation that this chapter should offer to teachers of Vergil is to visit the lands of the Latins, Etruscans, Volscians, and Rutulians under the inspiration of the seventh book of the Aeneid.

It is needless to say in closing that this is the sort of book that the present reviewer believes it worth while to produce in spite of any imperfections that the moribund can find among its general excellencies. The Classics are not going to live, unless live persons are their interpreters. A book of travel that illuminates the Old and the New in Italy will quicken any Latinist. In Miss Haight's volume as in her teaching there is life and life abounding.

WALTON BROOKS MCDANIEL

The Agamemnon of Aeschylus Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes. By Gilbert Murray. London: George Allen and Unwin (1920). Pp. 91.

Agamemnon After the Greek of Aeschylus. By Locke Ellis. New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Howe (1920). Pp. 92.

The virtues of Professor Gilbert Murray as a translator of Greek plays have been sufficiently attested by his popular versions of numerous tragedies of Euripides, and of the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. His version of the Agamemnon of Aeschylus reveals the same merits which have helped to make the Euripidean dramas familiar to the present generation—smoothly flowing and polished lines, facile rhymes, and a poetic feeling which turns the Greek verse into English that is musical, dignified and never stilted. Revealed, too, are the same occasional extravagances of rendering, poetic touches it is true, but, as these locutions are forced by exigences of meter and rhyme, or else are too modern in sentiment or figurative expression, they are untrue to the Greek, and therefore inevitably distasteful to the reader who is familiar with the original.

The difficulties which confront the translator of the Agamemnon are well stated by Professor Murray in his Preface:

The sense of difficulty, and indeed of awe, with which a scholar approaches the task of translating the Agamemnon depends directly on its greatness as poetry. It is in part a matter of diction. The language of Aeschylus is an extraordinary thing, the syntax stiff and simple, the vocabulary obscure, unexpected, and steeped in splendour. Its peculiarities cannot be disregarded, or the translation will be false in character. Yet not Milton himself could produce in English the same great music. . . .

It may be said with emphasis that Professor Murray

has given us a translation of the Agamemnon for which we are grateful, and we are pleased to have this version to recommend to the student of Greek drama in English translation.

To Professor Murray as expounder of the origin of tragedy and as interpreter of Greek religion, however, we cannot give whole-hearted approval. Several statements in the Preface with reference to the interpretation of the Agamemnon I must quote—assertions, or rather speculations, which are decidedly open to question (pages xii, xiii. The italics are mine).

... We must not think of Agamemnon as bad or specially cruel. The watchman loved him and the lamentations of the Elders over his death have a note of personal affection. *But I suspect that Aeschylus, a believer in the mystic meaning of names, took the name Agamemnon to be a warning that ἄγα μῆναι, 'the unseen Wrath abides'.* ... For I think here that *there is a point which has not been observed. It is that Clytemnestra is conceived as being really 'possessed' by the Daemon of the House when she commits her crime.* A careful study of the scene after the murder will show that she appears first 'possessed' and almost insane with triumph, utterly dominating the Elders and leaving them no power to answer. Then gradually the unnatural force dies out from her. The deed that was first an ecstasy of delight becomes an 'affliction'. The strength that defied the world flags and changes into a longing for peace. She has done her work. She has purified the House of its madness, now let her go away and live out her life in quiet. When Aegisthos appears, and the scene suddenly becomes filled with the wrangling of common men, Clytemnestra fades into a long silence, from which she only emerges at the very end of the drama to pray again for Peace, and, strangest of all, to utter the entreaty: "Let us not stain ourselves with blood!" The splash of her husband's blood was visible on her face at the time. Had she in her trance-like state actually forgotten, or did she, even then, not feel that particular blood to be a stain?

Few students and admirers of the Agamemnon as a play and as a masterly portrayal of character will be found, it seems to me, to agree with the above interpretation. My only comment is that Professor Murray in his overemphasis of religious symbolism in Greek tragedy does grievous disservice to Aeschylus as playwright.

Mr. Locke Ellis's translation of the Agamemnon, in blank verse, with rhyming lines in the lyrics, suffers by comparison with that of Professor Murray. It is not that it is devoid of artistic merit; on the contrary it is conceived with high purpose and executed with poetic feeling and powers, although the thought, at times, is obscure. As a poetic achievement it is always respectable and often truly admirable but as a translation it is less faithful to the Greek than Professor Murray's, and it often misses the finer touches in the original.

A passage from each of the two versions is appended for purposes of comparison. The opening lines are thus translated by Professor Murray:

This waste of year-long vigil I have prayed  
God for some respite, watching elbow-stayed,  
As sleuth-hounds watch, above the Atreidae's hall,

Till well I know yon midnight festival  
Of swarming stars, and them that lonely go,  
Bearers to man of summer and of snow,  
Great lords and shining, throned in heavenly fire.  
And still I await the sign, the beacon pyre  
That bears Troy's capture on a voice of flame  
Shouting o'er seas. So surely to her aim  
Cleaveth a woman's heart, man-passioned!

Mr. Locke thus translates them:

My watch on Atreus' roof, crouched like a dog,  
I keep. Beseech ye gods, is there no end?  
Labour of years, I know the heavens by heart,  
The stars' assembled state, revolving on  
The event of summer heat or winter cold,  
The human year through. By their signs I know,  
Splendours of rising or of setting! stars  
Burning in ether. But the sign I seek  
Is earthly kindled fire, the torch of Troy,  
Her blaze of capture. With so eager heart,  
Impatient of the event, set me this task  
A woman, masterful enough.

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Le Liriche di Orazio, Commentate da Vincenzo Ussani.  
Volume I: Gli Epodi, Il Primo Libro delle Odi.  
Seconda Edizione. Torino: G. Chiantore (1922).  
Pp. lx + 158. 12 Lire.

This is a new edition of a standard Italian book first offered for College use in 1900. The editor is Professor of Latin in the University of Padua. The metrical schemes follow Masqueray's *Traité de Métrique Grecque*; the modern parallels come mainly from Ariosto, Tasso, and Carducci.

In the Introduction (20), Professor Ussani rejects the traditional statement that Horace was a military tribune in the army of Brutus. This he thinks is due to a misunderstanding of *Serm.* 1.6.47-48. There *olim* may refer to the future, and the reader should supply, not *rodebant*, but *roderent*.

It is interesting to observe the 'reaction' of a good Italian scholar in a few familiar passages where the exact regimen is not quite clear. In *Carm.* 1.2.17, Professor Ussani joins *nimum* with *ultorem*; in 1.4.15, *brevis* with *vitae*; in 1.7.27, the second *Teucro* with *promisit*; in 1.17.16, *honorum* with *benigno*; in 1.18.10, *libidinum* with *avidi*. In *Epod.* 2.67, he connects *ubi* with *redegit*. In *Carm.* 1.3.22, *dissociabili* is defined as something like 'incompatible', and *Oceano dissociabili* is called an ablative of separation—with the remark that, if it were an ablative of means, Horace would have written, not *abscidit*, but *discidit*. But Vergil could write, *Aen.* 3.417, *venit medio vi pontus et undis Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit*. In *Carm.* 1.17.14 Professor Ussani reads *hinc*, not *hic*; in 1.31.18, *at*, not *et*. In *Epod.* 8.15, *minus* is called an adjective. On *morbo*, *Carm.* 1.37.10, there is a reference to Gellius 4.2.7 *Labeonem respondisse aiunt, (eunuchum) redhiberi posse quasi morbosum*.

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